The Middlebury Register.

VOLUME XXII.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1857.

NUMBER 15.

THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER. OFFICE IN BREWSTER'S BLOCK, MAIN-ST. COBB & MEAD, SPUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

rigio to touT ERMS. The Assistes will be sent one year, by mail, or delivered at the office, where payment is made strictly in advance, for ... \$1.50 Delivered by carrier, paid strictly in ad-If not paid within six months, 50 cents ad-

ditional.

! Nopaper discontinued until arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the proprie-All communications must be post-paid. In Boston, New-York and Philadelphia.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING Done in modern style, and at short notice.

BUSINESS CARDS. JOHN W. STEWART, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

Fire and Life Insurance Agent. DEFICE, in the Engine Building. -Middlebury, Nov. 25, 1856. 82;

CHARLES L. ALLEN, M. D.. Physician & Surgeon,

A. H. COPELAND,

Books, Stationery, Magazines,

NEWSPAPERS, AND CHEAP PUBLICATIONS,

At the Telegraph Office, near the Bridge.

S. HOLTON, JR.,

DEALER IN

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

AND FANCY ARICLES,

At low rates.

J. C. O. REDINGTON,

Middlebury. Vermont,
A GENT for Musical Instruments. Melodeons
or any maker, (even of Prince & Co.,) for
named. A personal warrant, in addition to that
of manufacturers, given to selected instruments.
A sample melodeon can be seen at all times.
Dealer in sheet music and music books. Orders for music sent regularly to New York on
Tresday of each week and returned by express
within three days.
Charges in all cases, the prices fixed by the
board of Trade, with the usual discounts to
Teachers, Seminaries and Churches.
Teacher of vocal and instrumental music.
Middlebury June, 1857.

TAILOR, Informs his friends and customers, that he

has opened a shop in Stewart's building over the store of R. L. Fuller, where he will attend to all business in his line:

Cutting done to suit customers.

Having resigned his Professorbip in the Castleton Medical College, and also having terminated his engagement with Middlebury College, will give his Univident attention to his profession.

Casanas—Those established by the Addison County Medical Society.

Office at his residence, first house North of the Congregational Meeting House.

Middlebury, Nov. 26, 1866. 82;1y Then the bugles of his escort

To its garner, green and low,

Marks the desert's shifting sand

Still the level moon at rising Silvers o'er each stately shaft : Still beneath them, half in shadow Singing, glides the pleasure craft.

Love and youth together stray; While, as heart to heart bents faster,

On the open hill side wrought, Singing, as he drewhis stitches,

Round his rosy ample face : Now a thousand Saxon craftsmen

All the pastoral lanes so grassy, Now are Traffic's dusty streets: From the village, grown a city, Fast the rural grace retreats.

On the river's winding shores, Stand the occidental plane trees,

WANTED— a good Journeyman. Middlebury, Oct. 15, 1856. 26;tf MIDDLEBURY

AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE IRON STORE,

JASON DAVENPORT. Wholesale and retail dealer in all kinds of AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, IRON, STOVES, HARD WARE CUTLERY, JOINERS' POOLS, &c. MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT.

TO THE MUSICAL WORLD! JUST received, a large lot of New Sheat Mu-sic and Cramer's School for the Piano, which will be sold cheaper than the chappest. Call a the Daguerrean Rooms, in Stewart's Building A.J. HERVEY.

Mr. H. has entered into arrangements with all the Publishers, to receive their best productions daily. Music orders sent daily.

THE WORKS OF THE BRITISH POETS—Se-cted and chronologically arranged, from Ben-chnson to Scott. Illustrated with an immense number of steel plate engravings. To be published in 47 Fortnightly Parts, at 25 cents each. Monthly Parts 50 each.

Mores's Guneral Arlas of the World, containing 70 Maps drawn and engraved from the best authorities, with descriptions and statistics of all nations to the year 1856. To be completed in 33 Semi-Monthly Parts 25 cents each.

THE REPUBLICAN COURT; By Rufus W. monthly, Nos. 25cts, each.

THE PICTORIAL CYCLOPEDIA OF BIOGRAPHY Embraoing a series of original memories of the most distinguished persons of all times. Illustrated with 600 engravings and steel plates. To be published in Fortnightly Parts, 25cts. each.

DRED; A Tule of the Great Dismal Swamp by Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of Uncle Tom's Cabin, Two vols. 12mo. Muslin. Price \$1,75. Portraits of Fremont, size 25 X 34. Price 25cts. plain and 50cts. colored. Portraits of Fillmore and Buchanau, plain \$1,00, colored \$3,00

To Persons desirous of subscribing for any of the above mentioned books, will please apply to the subscriber.

Canvassers wanted.

Williamstown, Vt. F. S. MARTIN.

NEW AND VALUABLE BOOKS. of art ever published. None but good, reliable men wanted. Those who have had experience in the business preferred. A liberal per centage al-lowed, or a monthly salary given. For full par-tisultragenquire of P. S. MARTIS. Williamstown, Vt.

Books AND STATIONERY. A large invoice of School and Miscellaneous Books, Black Books, New Publications, and Stationery of all kinds, styles and qualities, at very low prices, at COPELAND'S NEWS ROOM.

CHEESE and Wash Tubs, Keelers, Waggon and Door Mats, Waggons and Casts. In Whenibarrows, and a superior article of Wood Pails, for sale at CHAPMAN & BARBOUR'S.

June 15.

POETRY.

The Sycamores of Haverhill.

Green memorials of the closman! Linking still the river shores, With their shadows, cast by sunset Stand Hugh Telent's Sycamores !

When the Father of his Country Through the north-land riding came.

And the roofs were starred with banners. Ann the steeples rang acclaim-

When each war-scarred Continental, Leaving, smithy mill, and farm, Waved his rusty sword in welcome. And shot off his old king's arm-

Slowly passed that august presence Down the thronged and shouting street : Village girls, as white as angels, Scattering flowers around his feet. Midway, where the plane-tree's shadow Deepest fell, his rein he drew : On his stately head uncovered,

Gool and soft the west wind blew

And he stood up in his stirrups, Looking up and looking down. On the hills of gold and silver, nming round the little town.

On the river, full of sunshine, To the lap of greenest vales, Winding down from wooded headlands, Willow-skirted, white with sails.

And he said, the landscape sweeping Slowly with his ungloved hand, "I have seen no prospect fairer In this goodly Eastern land," Stirred to life the cavaleade : And that head, so bare and stately,

Ever since, in town and farm-house, Life has sped its ebb and flow ; Thrico hath passed the human harvest

But the trees the gleeman planted, Through the changes changeless stand . As the marble calm of Tadmor

Still beneath them, arm enfolded, on

More and more their feet delay, Where the ancient cobbler, Keezar,

Songs his German masters taught-Singing, with his grey hair floating

Stitch and hammer in his place

But, still green, and tall, and stately, Stand Hugh Talent's sycamores!

—John G. Whittier

MISCELLANEOUS.

Better than Diamonds. I was standing in the broad crowded street of a large city. It was a cold winter's day. There had been rain; ally, yet the long icicles hung from the caves of the houses, and the wheels rumbled loudly as they passed over the and a cold, bracing feeling in the air, and a clear northwest wind, which quickened every step. Just then a little child came running along—a poor, ill-clad child; her clothes were scant and threadbare; she had no cloak and no shawl, and her little bare feet looked red and suffering She could not have been more than eight years old. She carried a bundle in her hand. Poor little shivering child! I pitied her. As she passed her foot slipped, and she fell with a ery of pain ; but she held the bundle tightly in her hand and jumped up, although she limped sadly, endeavored to run as before,

"Stop ! little girl, stop !" said a sweet voice; and a beautiful woman, wrapped in a huge shawl and with furs around her, came out of a jeweler's store close by. " Poor little child," she said, " are you hurt? Sit down on the steps and

How I loved her, and how beautiful

Oh, I cannot," said the little child, I cannot wait-I am in such a hurry. mother must finish these shoes to night or she will never get any more shoes to mend."

"To night?" said the beautiful woman. " to-night?" "Yes," said the child-for the stran-

ger's kind manner had made her bold-"yes, for the great ball to night; and these satio slippers must be spangled; The beautiful woman took the bundle

from the child's hand and unrolled it. You do not know why her face flushed and then turned pale, but I. yes I, looked into the bundle, and on the inside of a slipper I saw a name -- a lady's name written, but I shall not tell it.

"And where does your mother live,

So the child told her where; and then she told her that her father was dead, and that her little brotner was sick, and that her mother bound shoes that they might have bread, but that sometimes they were very cold, and her mother sometimes cried because she had no money to buy milk for her little brother. And then I saw the lady's eyes were filled with tears; and she rolled up the quickly, and gave it back to the but she gave her nothing else-no. girl; but she gave her nothing else-no, not even a sixpence, and, turning away,

had come out. As she went away I saw the glitter of a diamond pin. Presently the came back, and stepping into a carriage, rolled off. The little girl looked after her a moment, and with her little bare feet colder than they were

before, ran quickly away.
I went with the little girl, and I saw her to a narrow damp street, and into a small dark room; I saw her mother—
her sad, faded mother, but with a face
so sweet, so patient—husbing and soothing a sick baby. And the baby slept,
and the mother laid it on her lap; and the bundle was unrolled, and a dim can-dle helped with her work; for though it was not night, yet her room was very dark. Then, after a while, she kissed her little girl, and bade her warm her feet over the scanty fire in the grate, and gave her a little piece of bread, for she had no more; and then she heard her say her evening prayer, and folded her tenderly to her bosom, and blessed her, and told her the angels would take care of her. And the little child slept and dreamed-oh! such pleasant dreamswarm stockings and new shoes; but the mother sewed alone, and as the bright spangles glittered on the satin slippers, came there no repining into the heart? When she thought of her child's bare, cold feet, and of the scant morsel of dry bread that had not satisfied her hunger, came there visions of a bright room and gorgeous clothing, and a table loaded with all that was good, a little portion of which spared to her would give warmth and comfort to her humble

dwelling? If such thoughts came, and others, of a pleasant cottage, and one who had dearly loved her, and whose strong arm had kept want and trouble from her and her babes, but who could never come back-if these thoughts did come repiningly, there also came another; and the widow's hands were clasped and her head bowed low in deep contrition, as I heard her say, "Father, forgive me, for thou dost all things well, and I will trust to thee." Just then the door opened softly, and some one cutered. Was it an angel? Her dress was spotless white, and she moved with a noiseless step. She went to the bed where the sleeping child lay, and covered it with soft warm blankets. Then presently a fire spar-kled and blaced there, such as the little grate had never seen before. Then a huge loaf was laid upon the table, and fresh milk for the sick babe, Then she passed gently before the mother, and drawing the unfinished slipper from her band, placed there a purse of gold, and said in a voice like music: "Bless thy God, who is the father of the fatherless and the widow !"-and she was gone, only as she went out I heard her say, "Better than diamonds—better than diamonds!" Whom could she mean? I looked at the mother. With clasped hands and streaming eyes, she blessed ber God, who had sent her an angel to comfort her. So I went to a bright room, where there was music ond dancing, and sweet flowers; and I saw young and happy faces, and beautifully dressed, sparkling with jewels; but none that I knew, until one passed whose dress was of simple white, with only a rosebud on her bosom, and whose voice was like the sweet sound of a silver lute. No spangled slipper was on her foot; but she one that treadeth up air, and the divine beauty of holiness had so glorified her face that I felt, as I gazed upon her, that she was almost an

Acting upon Principle. Some years ago, during a sojourn in Montgomery, it was the writer's good fortune to be numbered among the friends of Col, G. The Colonel was one of those in whose breast the milk of human kindness overflowed. It was his misfortune that he was never able to say no. And to so great an extent was this weakness carried, that it had become a notorious fact that the Colonel would lend money to any one on the first ask-ing, rather than refuse it.

Brt so often had his good nature been imposed upon, that he had established a rule for his own government, which he was careful to explain to applicants for funds, and usually did so after the fol lowing style: Want ten, do you? Well, you can have it. But when can you pay it back? You see I've got a good deal of money loaned out around, and like to keep it circulating, but I like to know just about the time when it's going to get around back to me; and I hate to be disappointed. A man that disappoints me ones never gets any more money

from me." Thus it became notorious that he would lend money to any one on the first asking, and if they were prompt in repayment, they could " take him for his pile; at least so it was supposed. Acting upon this supposition, one K., a no-torious gambler, applied to the Colonel, one day, for a hundred dollars; rather doubtful of his success, however. G. was staggered; but catching his breath, and overcome by nature, he replied: 'Want a hundred? - certainly you can have it; but when will you pay me back? I al-ways want to know when my money is coming in, as I want to use it elsewhere Fix your own day, but be prompt on the day you fix , for a man who disappoints me ones never gets any more money

K, took the money, promising to return it on the following Wednesday and punctual to the day and hour, he did return it borrowing from all his friends to enable him to do so. According to the general supposition, his credit was thereby opened with G. to any extent; and two weeks after, his friends pressing for repayment, and wanting a 'stake' for himself, he applied boldly to G., nothing doubting his success.

Colonel, let's have a couple of hundred for a day or so, will you? 'Can't' says G. 'Sorry, but can't really—you disappointed me so about the last, and I told you that a man who disappointed me once, never could get any more monfrom me.' Disappointed you ! said K. Why, Colonel, you mistake your man; I paid you to the hour and minute !- Ah! exactly, said G. that is just it, You see. I never expected to get

Chinese Discovery of America 1400 Years Ago.

The Spaniards discovered America 340 years ago. The Weish claim an earlier discovery in favor of their Prince Madoc. The Northmen of the eleventh century, claim the honor of the first discovery at even an earlier date. But the Chinese claim it prior to them all—at a time according to their history about

1400 years ago. In Chinese history we find descrip tions of a vast country 20,000 le to the Eastward, across the great ocean, which, from the description given, must be callifornia and Mexico. The account says that several Buddhist priests at Biog-chau, about A. D. 499, baving arrived there, reported that Fusang (America) lay to the east about 20 000 le, or 9000 miles from Japan; and that in A. D. 456, five mendicant priest went there and distributed Buddhist tracts and images among the inhabitants, which by that

means changed their customs, as Buddhism was not formerly known to them. The description of Fusang, as given by the Chinese historian, differs but little from that given by the Spaniards, when they conquered Mexico. He calls the country Fusang, from the name of a particular tree that grew there, and which he describes thus: " The leaves of the Fusang, when first produced, resemble those of the bamboo. The inhabitants cat the firuit, like pears, and weave its bulk into cloth for clothing and articles of embroidery. They have books, which are written on the bark of n fusang." Of this tree (the maguey.) Prescott says that "its bruised leaves afforded a paste, from which paper was made; its juice was manufactured into an intoxicating beverage, 'pulque,' of which the natives, to this day, are excessively fond; its leaves supplied an impenetrable thatch for the bumble dwelling; thread of which course stoffs were made, and strong cords from its tough and twisted fibres, pins and nee dles were made of its thorns at the extremity of its leaves; and the root when properly cooked, was converted into a palatable and nutritious food. The maguey, in short, was meat drink, clothing, and writing for the Aztec! Surely, never did nature enclose, in so compact a form, so many of the elements of human comfort and civilization.

Again. The Chinese historian states that they had not iron, but they possessed copper. They did not esteem gold and silver. The use of iron was unknown to them, but they found a substitute in an alloy of copper and tin, with which they could cut metal and stones." Silver the great staple of their country at the time of the conquest, may have, a thousand years earlier, been unnoticed

or uncoveted by them. By carefully examining the Chinese history and comparing with that of Prescott's ' Conquest of Mexico," we find but few points of difference. their treatment of criminals, habits of the judges, religion, and in many other respects, they agree with each other so well, that no doubts need be entertained in the least, regarding the authenticity of the Chinese accounts. The religior of the Aztecs was in most respects like Buddhism. Their arts, institutions, and customs, were almost the same as those of the Chinese. By a careful examination and contrasting of both histories, inquiring minds will not doubt in the least that the Chinese discovered this continent a thousand years earlier than any other nation.

Most people in California have notice ed the similitude existing between the Indians and Chinese, both in features and the accent of their monosyllabic dialects, and from my own experience I find that they are nearly the same. The Chinese accent can be traced throughout the Indian language; though the most of the Digger Indians with whom I have conversed, speak of the ancient Aztec language. Not wishing to pursue this subject much farther at present, I will transcribe a few words for the purpose

of showing the anology, as follows: Indian Chinese, Nong a. Nang. Soa, Keck, Hand. Kook a, Foot. Aak-a soo, Soo, Yuet, Board. Yuet a, Moon. Yeeta. Yat. Sun, Much. Utyta, Hoto. Lee lum, Ee lung, Deafness. Ho-ya-pa, Hoah, A.pa, A pa, Father. Mother. A-ma, A-ma. Brother. A.ko. Ko-chae. To-chae, Thanks. Yam, Ku-kay, Nigham. Drunk. Hers. Koo lae. Koo chue, Chu-koo. Choo-koo, Kow-chi,

Ty-yam in the Indian language is Ti-yam in the Chinese means a god of the moon, or night. Hee ma in Indian is the sun. Hee ma in Chinese means the god of the sun or day. Wallae is a word commonly used among the Indians to designate; it also means man. Walla in the Hindostanee means a man. Numbers of other words could be given, but I shall make these suffice for the

No doubt need be entertained concerning the assertions of the Chinese in coming to this continent at an early pe-

riod; nor can we interpret coincidences so universal, so minute, so remarkable, without coming to the conclusion, that they both sprung from one common source. The Chinese Fusang is no other than the American California and Mexico; and the Oriental discoverers consequently claim the honor of the discovery, a thousand years earlier than any other nation.

The period when the continent was

first discovered, may still remain a mys-tery, hidden in the deep recesses of the past. If over it be found it will be most likely in some of the Oriental records, for in them we find the most ancient histories, whose dates reaching into the night of time, inform us of races now extinct, whose crumbling monuments attested a civilization different from that of the modern world. These ancient races progressed in some arts which to us are almost unknown, and they mus have attained a degree of refinement which many of us at present know but little of. Yet withal, they seem to us to have been in ignorance, because can but see them through the dark clouds from which we have issued .-James Hentley, Chinese Interpreter.

A LESSON FOR WIVES .- The following touching, simple, sorrowful memorial of his wife, was written by one of the great statesmen of England-Sir James Mack intosh-in a private letter to a friend "She was a woman," he writes, who,by tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and, though of the most genercus nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation, propped my weak and irresolute nature, she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever am-to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my character. Her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was placable, tender, and constant. Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when a knowledge of ber worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor. I seek relief, and I find it, in the consolatory opinion that a benevolent wisdom inflicts the chastisement, as well as bestows the enjoyment of human life; that this dreary and wretched life is not the whole of nan; that a being capable of such pro ficiency in science and virtue, is not like the beasts that perish; that there is a dwelling-place prepared for the spirits of the just; that the ways of God will yet be vindicated to man!"

LIEVE TRUE - Who doubts that bird loves? Here is evidence from the National Intelligences.

A gentleman observed in a thicket of bushes near his dwelling a collection of brown thrushes, who for several days attracted his attention by their loud cries and strange movements. At last, ouriesity was so much excited that he determined to see if he could ascertain the cause of the excitement among them. On examining the bushes he found a female thrush, whose wing was caught in such a way that she could not escape -Near by was her nest, containing several half grown birds. On retiring a little distance, a company of thrushes appeared with worms in their mouths, which they gave first to the mother, then to her young, she in the meanwhile cheering them in their labor of love with a song of gratitude. After watching the interesting scene until curiosity was satisfied, the gentleman relieved the poor grateful song to her deliverer; and her charitable neighbors dispersed to their usual abodes, singing as they went a

IMMORTALITY - How beautiful the following gem from the pen of Prentice, and how happy the heart that can see these beauties as he portrays them.

" Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud comes over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass away, and leave us to muse on their faded lovoli ness? Why is it, that the stars which hold their nightly festival around the midnight throne, are placed above the reach of our limited faculties forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flo back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a land where the rain-bow naver fades, where the stars will be sent out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful being that passes before us like a meteor will stay in our presence forever."

Consolation.—A younger brother had espoused an old and ill-tempered wife, but extremely rich. He used to say: 'Whenever I find my wife cross, and my own temper giving way. I retire to library and console myself by readmy library and console myseing her marriage settlement

about to exercise the right of suffrage, the other morning when he was accosted by a political opponent, with I say, mister, what are you doing here? you can't vote, you're not natural eyes'd. The joke was taken in good part and created general merriment.

To a Rat, Caught in our Printing Office.

Thou long-tailed, ebon-eved, nocturnal ranger! What led thee hither mong the types and cases? Didst thou not know that running midnight races. O'er standing types is fraught with imm'neut

O'er standing types is fraught with imm'nent danger?
Did hunger lead thee? Didst thou think to find Some rich old cheese to fill thy hungry maw? Vain hope! none but a literary jaw?
Can masticate our cookery for the mind.
Perchance thou hast a literary taste,
A love for letters and that sort of thing;
But why, thou wire-tailed imp—thou verminking!
Did thou but yesternight devour our paste,
And throw our types in pyramids of pi!—
Thy doom'd decreed!—here, Towser! at him fly.

Little Graves. There's many an empty cradle,
Thore's many a vacant bed,
There's many a lonecome bosor
Whose joy and light is fled;
For thick in every gravoyard.
The little hillocks lie— AN ANGEL IN THE SEL.

Young Napien's RETALIATION .- Gen. Sir Charles J. Napier tells the following story of his childhood :- There was in Limerick a great coarse woman, wife of Dr. ——— When she heard of my misfortune, she said, 'Poor boy, I supose a fly kicked his spindle-shanks." Being a little fellow then, though now, be it known five feet seven inches and a half high, this offended me greatly; and as the Lord would have it she broke her own leg just as I was gotting well. Going to her house with an appearance of concern, I told the servant how sorry I was to hear that a bullock had kicked Mrs. — and hurt its leg very much, and that I had called to know if her leg was hurt. She never forgave me."-This is a very characteristic opening of a long life passed in public and private

-A shipowner belonging to Portland a few days since, while going from New York to Baltimore, was robbed of his pocket book containing several thousand dollars in the following manner: He entered the cars at Jersey city with a lady, and there being a rush of passon gers, every one was crowding for a seat The lady in turning towards the gentleman, saw a man just withdrawing his hand from the pocket of her friend. She' immediately exclaimed, 'they have got your pocket-book;' he placed his hand upon his pocket and exclaimed, 'so they bave by ____ This all happened pre-vious to their taking their scats in the cars. He saw a rush for the door, and he sprang forward and held the door, seizing at the same time the supposed robber by the collar, who threatened to blow the gentleman's brains out if he did not let go his hold. But the gentle out unless they went over his dead body. He then called for the police; the man evidently become a armed and the young lady having her eyes upon him saw the pocket-book drop under the car seat, and thus by a resolute boldness he recovered

Woman's Heart.-There is a period in the early life of every true woman when moral and intellectual growth seems, for the time to coase. The vacant beart seeks for an occupant. The intel lect, having appropriated such aliment as was requisite to the growth of the uncrowned feminine nature, feels the necessity of more intimate companionship with the masculine mind to start it up on its second development. Here, at this point, some stand for years without making a step in advance. Others marry, and astonish, in a few brief years, by their sweet temper, their new beauty. their high accomplishments, and their noble womanhood, those whose blindness led them to suppose they were a-mong the incurably heartless and frivolous .- Bay Path.

COAL AS FUEL POR LOCO MOTIVES .- The experiment of using coal instead of wood, on the railroads, is being pushed along with a generally gratifying success. The Providence and Worcester Road has tested it more thoroughly and satisfactorily, probably, than any other road. The Wor-

eester Spy says:—
"All the freight engines on the road (and the freight business on that road is very large, are now run with coal, as are a'so all the passenger engines, excepting one, and that is to be altered for coal as soon as it can be spared from the road long enough to have the alteration made. By this change, it is ascertained that about one-half of the whole expenses is saved. Aside from this saving in expense the convenience of burning coal is so much greater than wood, that we understand the managers of the road would not be willing to return to the use of wood. even if the trains could be run with it at the same expense."

There is an objection to coal, as yet for passenger trains, that it does not make steam so fast, and consequently is not so favorable for speed, as wood.

-When the humorous Judge Dawes was on the bench of the supreme Court, in giving a charge to the jury he had occasion frequently to make use of the words mortgagor and mortgagee. foreman of the jury asked the Judge the meaning of the words, candidly confessing that he did not know their im-His honor factiously explained them thus:

I ned to you-you notice me. I'm the ned-or, you the ned-ee

the other day, asked a young doctor pres-sent where he get them. He replied, "We raised them."

-What did Adam and Eve do when they were expelled from Eden? They construction of the production of the party of the product of a continue of the party of the par

For the Register. Green County—Its Productions and Exports—Rum and Democracy—Mode of Electioneering—The Facetious Farmer.

JEFFERSON, GREEN Co., PA., June 1857. "Verily there is something in a name." Green, is the name of one of the oxtreme south western Counties in Pa. Bordering as it does upon Virginia, is inhales more or less of a barbario atmosphere, and affords conclusive evi. dence that moral plagues are contagious, and the doctrine of propinquity unsafe when applied, even to States and Territories. The name of Green is highly spropos, and exceedingly significant. The face of the county is rough and hilly, yet the soil is fertile in corn. The shief productions are corn, whiskey, and slopad bogo, as hage pash and mhiskey form the main exports. The imports are cast. iron Plows, whis-key-worms andsopers. The domestic manufactures, are Drunk ards, dilapidated churches and school houses, and Widows. In this and the ad joining township, there are no less than eighty widows, many of them young, and some quite wealthy, having estates estimated variously from \$20 to \$75,000 the earnings of the worm, but by far the larger class are left destitute and cheerless, except that they are emancipated from the dominion of drunken husbands Whiskey distilleries in this county are nearly as numerous as sheep sheds in old Addison. The inhabitants are an industrious class of people, about half civilized, but generous and kind hearted, We have spent some ten days here, and bave come fully to the conclusion, that if our sheep could be translated or transmuted into so many whiskey barrels,full of whiskey, we could sell them "like het cakes" in a frosty morning. Being no great friend to "the critter," we shall not undertake this process, but leave soon, a county that is green, for one ripe

for improvement in domestic animals. Rum and Democracy are rampunt here. Occasionally we meet a true Republican, who stands up amid the rubbish and drift-wood about him, like as Oak amid brushwood and brambles, or a temple of elegance and beauty, surrounded by hovels of filth and poverty Never have we more highly prized truth virtue and purity, templed in the hearts of men, than we do now. Never have we more deeply despised the ruining and damnable practice of whiskey gusaling, which prevails here among young men of eighteen and twenty, to men tottering upon the grave's brink.

This is a strong democratic county. The process of electioneering here is done en persona. In New England is must be done by ones friends. Here the candidate is expected to show himself in every public gathering, and personally de solicit the support of his fellow citizens. He is expected and does, walk up to the bar-calls for a decenter of whiskey on brandy, and says : Come, boys, step up and "wet your whistles;" here's health we to each other, and long life to the dem ocratic party. The boys, with sun-burnt faces, chaliced hands and ragged coats, exchange smiles and walk up in double file, and partake of the luxury of being treated by a candidate who is hungry for their votes.

We have recently attended a public gathering, where there were five or six candidates for different offices in the State, and witnessed the above described modus operandi of securing office. Oce of our temperance man told us that Mr. Whis key bought more votes in Green Counsy than every other influence combined This region is a quarter of a century be hind the age.

An hour since, a jolly, roliesome faced farmer rode up, dismounted his saddle-horse, walked into the bar-room, and addressing himself to half a dozen loafers, enquires to know if there are any candidates for office present, or in the village, states that he is specially fond of whiskey and his dimes scarce, but plenty of votes in reserve to bestow on a generous candidate who could treat his friends handsomely. Shortly enters a Dr. Wolf, with slouched hat, neckerchief tied on one side, a shirt collar of a dusky brown, elbows out of his coat, a face exhibiting due disappointment in pill peddling, and a sore desire and anxiety for a seat among officials. The jolly farmer is very happy to meet the doctor The doctor is equally happy to meet the voter. The doctor invites him to "take something." The jolly farmer smiles and complies, and smacks his lips and wishes the doctor entire success. Within an hour enters Mr. D., an opposing candidate. The roguish farmer is still thirsty, and on being invited to "take something," readily complies, wipes his lips, smiles in the face of his friend most complacently, and wishes him also

all due success in his very laudable aim